

1414

THE  
BLOCKHEADS;  
OR,  
FORTUNATE CONTRACTOR.  
AN  
OPERA, in TWO ACTS,  
AS IT WAS  
PERFORMED at NEW YORK.

The MUSIC ENTIRELY NEW,  
Composed by several of the most eminent  
Masters in Europe.

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TO THE

E D I T O R.

**H**E that is always wise is no Blockhead; nor does it follow, that he who is not always wise is a Blockhead. — A Blockhead will scarcely be claimed by any body in the universe — consequently you will find no one to own the heads I have described; of course you can be in no danger of a claimant, who will call

A 2

you

you to an account for meddling with his head. — Yet Blockheads sometimes govern, and are governed, though not all times in their proper persons — a Deputy does the business best who is no Blockhead, and it please you if he does his own business under a Blockhead's nomination. — Contractors are no Blockheads, though Contractees often are. — It is strange there should be such a difference between Buyer and Buyee. — Who is in the wrong? No matter who — he is a Blockhead that owns it. Ergo, A wise man

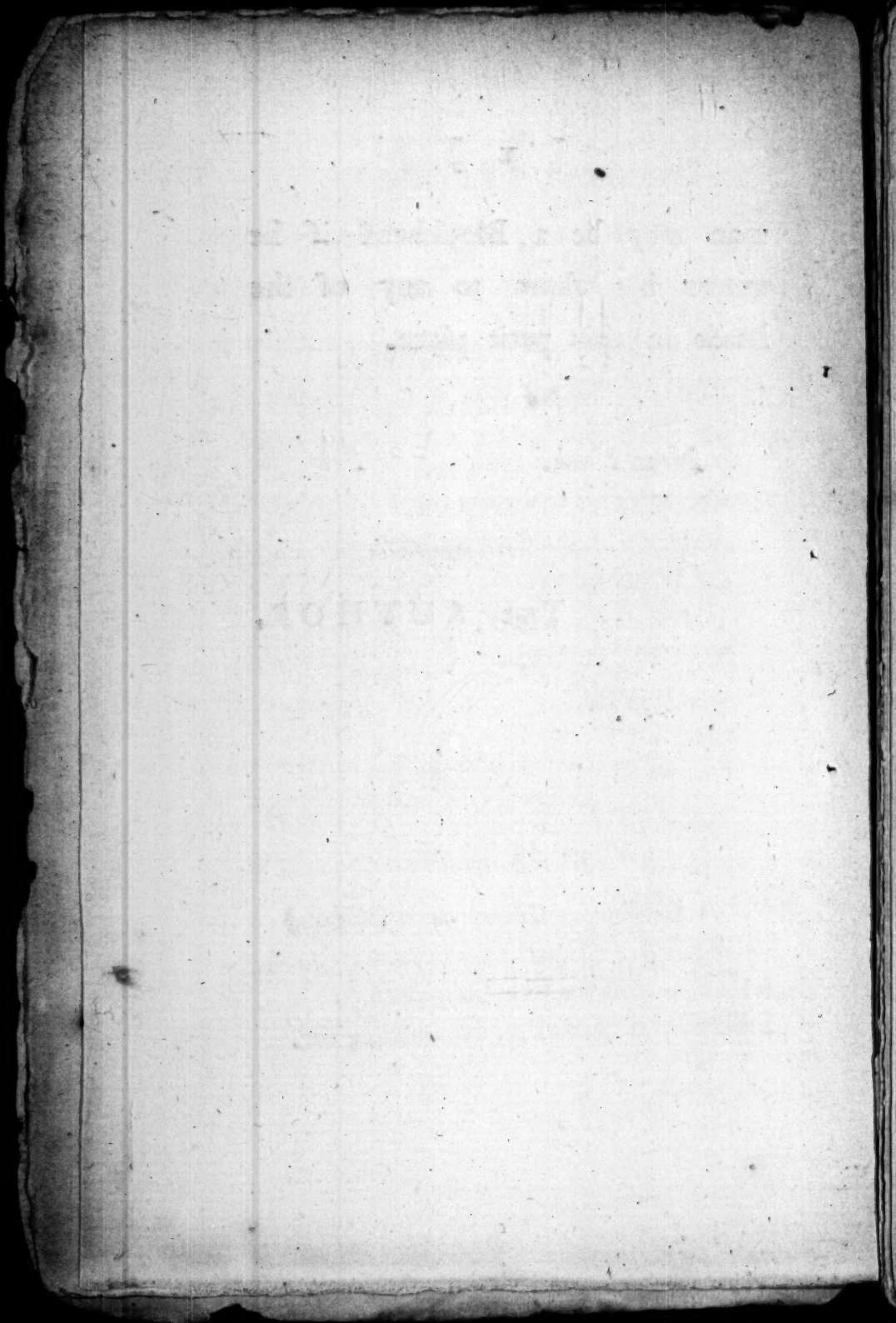


[ v ]

man may be a Blockhead if he  
enters his claim to any of the  
heads in this petit piece,

*New York.*

THE AUTHOR,



## Dramatic Characters.

### M E N.

PRODIGIATOR.  
MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.  
ENGLISH SAILOR.  
DUTCHMAN.  
FRENCH PHYSICIAN.  
ENGLISH PHYSICIAN.  
AMERICAN WARRIORS.  
OLD SHAVER.  
JOHN, HIS MAN.  
YOUNG WIG.  
OLD WIG.  
GANDER.  
Customers to SHAVER

### W O M E N.

AMERICANA. (America personified.)  
LIBERTA. (Liberty personified.)  
AMITA. (Friendship personified.)  
Followers of AMITA, Attendants, &c.

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AMERICAN (American)

AMERICAN (American)

AMERICAN (American)

AMERICAN (American)



THE  
BLOCKHEADS;  
OR,  
FORTUNATE CONTRACTOR.

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ACT I.

SCENE I. A Temple dedicated to the  
Goddeſs of Peace.

Peace in the form of a matron, ears of corn in  
one hand, crowned with roſes, and a cadu-  
ceus in the other hand.

Enter AMITA and Followers,  
With baſkets of flowers and fruits, to make  
their offerings to the Goddeſs of Peace.

AMITA.

**H**AIL! gentle Goddeſs! ſource of  
human love!—protectreſs of the  
ſpring renewing fields, and bounteous  
fruits—Accept theſe offerings of our ear-  
lieſt

lieft produce—May each returning year  
renew our grateful praise, and keep the  
peaceful scene in view.

SONG by AMITA, and Chorus.

With each revolving year we bring,  
Our chearful produce of the Spring  
To thee. Oh! gentle Goddess, hear!  
These Off'rings may we ever bear.

Our fields with plent'ous fruits abound,  
Our golden harvests view around;  
The offsprings of a bounteous peace;  
Oh! may these offsprings never cease.

May war's rude hand for ever spare,  
To stop these pledges of our care.  
(Without thy aid we sue in vain)  
May peace and plenty ever reign.

*[Exeunt all but AMITA.]*

AMITA.

AMITA.

What blessings does not peace bestow?  
the gentle Goddess claims our utmost  
praise.

*(Thunder and lightening, the Temple of Peace  
vanishes in a dark cloud.)*

AMITA.

This dismal storm some mischief doth  
portend! Oh, heaven! avert the evil—  
dispel the gloomy cloud that hangs so  
heavy o'er our heads.

*(More thunder.)*

Enter PRODIGIATOR.

PRODIGIATOR.

Mirth shall fly, nor more attend ye—  
commerce shall cease, and envious war  
extend it's baneful power—discord shall  
reign and rule this hapless land—friend-  
ship shall fly—plenty shall be no more—

B 2

all

all the delights of peace shall vanish—  
 the awful time is come when wretched  
 mortals, weltering in blood, shall add sad  
 encrease to the flowing flood—conquer-  
 ing grief shall rob the widows and the  
 orphans of their tears, and hollow ca-  
 verns of despair burst forth in dismal  
 shrieks that rend the ambient air.

AMITA.

Dread horror! can I forbear the mourn-  
 ful sigh, when dire distress bears such a  
 powerful sway?—Anguish is full—my  
 blood is chill'd—words are too feeble to  
 express my grief—the passions combat  
 which shall first break forth, whilst each  
 maintain an equal claim, and leave no  
 powers to express my anguish.

AIR by PRODIGIATOR.

Bleeding empires in distress,  
 Sue to tyrants for redress;

Hapless



Hapless sons ! that pant for breath,  
Seek to find an end in death.

Freedom's sons, by fetters ty'd,  
Curb'd in all their boasted pride,  
Shall to distant shores proclaim,  
Freemen will be free again.

Twice ten thousand torments bear,  
E'er they pass the circling year ;  
May Halcyon days return once more,  
And glad for aye this hapless shore.

Forth thy sleeping mansion rise,  
And open thy unwilling eyes ;  
Return blest'd Peace, thy empire keep,  
And haste to lull rude Mars to sleep.

#### AMITA.

Friendship, child of Heaven ! — how  
are all thy ties destroyed when gratitude  
is fled !

PRODI-

## PRODIGIATOR.

Who feels not for AMITA's bosom,  
feels not for distress—Time shall renew  
what discord has destroyed, and happiness  
descend again.

## AIR by AMITA.

Shall gladness quit the human heart ?  
Shall sorrow all her griefs impart ?  
Shall commerce fly ?—Ah, hapless shore !  
And mirth and freedom be no more ?

Shall martial gluttony destroy  
The mother's and the infant's joy ?  
Till then, alas ! I sue in vain,  
With tears I view the slaughter'd plain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

## SCENE II. A Village.

Enter AMITA, *musing*.

Enter LIBERTA.

LIBERTA.

My dear AMITA, why so pensive?—  
 Fame is on the wing, and calls forth  
 Freedom—In every countenance doth joy  
 appear, big with events more glad'ning  
 to the heart than all the soft delights of  
 rural sports; yet you alone seem destin'd  
 to distress.

AMITA.

Distress shall reign triumphant o'er the  
 realms of peace, and wretched war bring  
 famine on this land—Oh, then, alas!  
 shall poor expiring victims pant to quit  
 their native land, in hope to meet with  
 peace in death.—Alas! why heaves my  
 bosom

bosom thus? till now I never felt the power of love; freedom had taken possession of my heart, but fancy's wings have borne the lover to my mind, and social love's the idol of my heart.

LIBERTA.

Go! imitate the turtle dove—cherish the fond idea, but I'll be ever free—No proud insulting swain shall e'er beguile my heart—No, no, I'll ne'er sustain the loss of liberty.

SONG by LIBERTA.

Dear liberty possess my breast,  
Nor let the pleasing phantom rest,  
Lest some sad fate produce a tear,  
And make LIBERTA sink with fear.

In vain shall mischief take a part,  
And prove the partner of my heart;  
No jealous thought my breast possess,  
No wanton swain I'll e'er care.

No



But you, who trust to fortune's chance;  
 And catch the eye, and court the glance;  
 To those I yield the fickle glee,  
 But bless me still with Liberty.

AMITA.

Oh! LIBERTA! must the peaceful  
 scene be changed for discord and distress?  
 —Is there no medium can be found to  
 save a sinking state?—The mournful  
 cloud moves on with hasty strides, and  
 sprinkling showers give notice of ap-  
 proach—Unable longer to contain the  
 dire contents, it bursts with fury, and  
 proclaims the event; yet shall the poor  
 shepherd brave the powerful storm, and  
 bid defiance in expiring moments.

*[Thunder and lightening.]*

LIBERTA.

I must this moment hence—The sig-  
 nal's given, and all repair—the standard's

C

fix'd—

fix'd—reas'nings in vain—The scene begins, and merriment's no more—Freedom forgets her mother's care—Love flies before our banners—Discord appears and hunts her from her rest—No cause but freedom fills the human heart—Who does not join's a traitor to mankind.

[*Exeunt* LIBERTA.

AMITA (*sola.*)

When love is fled society's no more,  
her ties are broke, and friendship's at a stand.

[*Exit.* AMITA.

SCENE

SCENE III. A Barber's Shop in  
NEW YORK.

The shop is full of customers, wigs of different sorts on blocks, with masks painted. Over the door OLD SHAVER.

SHAVER (*in a waistcoat.*)

Old wigs, gentlemen! short wigs! bobbs! grizzles! tyes, and no tyes! Pick and chuse, the price is fix'd.—This is a simple head of hair, not indebted to nature for a curl; the wearer was suspected of less courage than he possessed; he was provident in his principles, and sought for an independance. (*See Fig. 1.*)

This head had a great deal of good-nature, and wore it upon all occasions; but at last, influenced by the habit of the times, resolved on a change. (*See Fig. 2.*)

C 2

This

Fig. 1<sup>st</sup>





Fig 1



Fig 2



This wig cover'd the head of a lawyer  
—the tyes nearly gone; his principles  
induced him to turn his back on his best  
friends. (*See Fig. 3.*)

OLD WIG.

I will have a tye.

YOUNG WIG.

So will I.

SHAVER.

Gentlemen, tyes are quite out of fa-  
shion—I have but one left, and that's so  
worn by time (*shews the wig*) that the tyes  
(*holds the tyes up*) are grown quite slender.

OLD WIG.

So much the better.

YOUNG WIG.

And so say I.

OLD

OLD WIG.

I like not strong ties.

YOUNG WIG.

Nor I:

SHAVER.

Gentlemen, I have but one—there  
'tis (*holds out the wig*)—settle the busi-  
ness between yourselves.

[OLD and YOUNG WIG lay hold of the tye.]

DIALOGUE between YOUNG WIG,  
OLD WIG, and SHAVER.

O. and Y. The wig you see

Wig. Was bought by me,

You lie! you lie! you lie!

Behold this wig,

For you's too big—

Shaver.

Oh fie! oh fie! oh fie!

O. and

*O. and Y.* Come yield to me,  
*Wig.* That shall not be,  
Then, zounds, let's both re-  
sign;  
I'll ne'er agree,  
Without a fee—  
*Shaver.* The wig, kind sirs, is mine.  
[*Exeunt all but SHAVER.*]

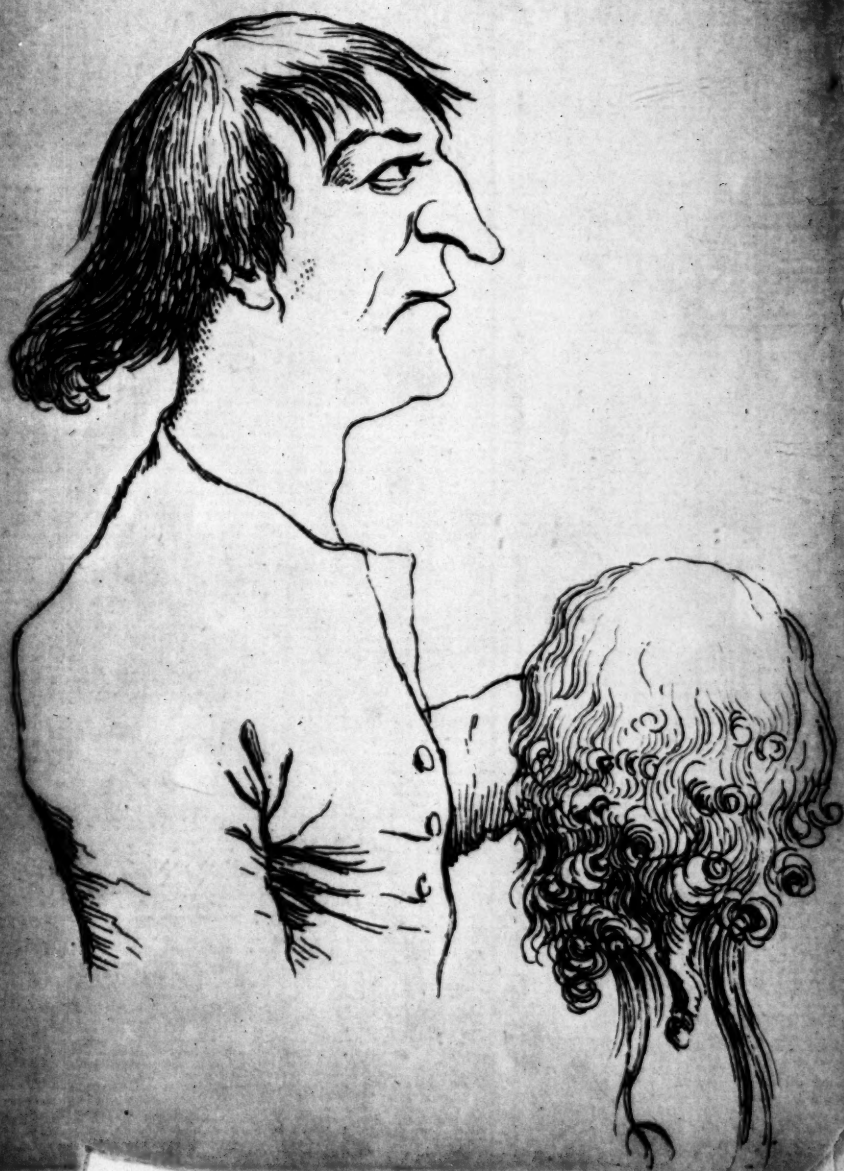
SHAVER, *solus, with the wig on his hand.*  
What a shocking convulsion of late,  
This old wig has produc'd in the state;  
The heads can't agree,  
For which it shou'd be,  
Both grumble and groul in despair,  
Each swears t'others claim is unfair.  
Tho' now they have left it to me,  
They swear that they will not agree:  
What can a man do  
With such a sad crew?  
I will not decide on it's fate,  
But try all the heads in the state.

[*Exit.*]



Old Thaver —

— the wig Lord Sir is mine —



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SCENE IV. A Room in Mynheer  
VAN BRAKEN PEACE'S House.

Mynheer VAN BRAKEN PEACE lying on a couch, a pair of very large spectacles (that are smoaked) on his nose.

Enter MEANWELL, an English Physician.

MEANWELL.

My friend, Mynheer, what makes you so sad?

MYNHEER.

Mine sight! mine sight! mine sight!  
Oh, mine friend! the Grand Monarch  
be very good, he send me spectacles to  
see clear.

MEANWELL.

What's the matter with your sight?  
your ancestors saw clear without French  
spectacles—they lived to a good old age,  
and

and scorned the assistance of a French oculist—take the advice of a friend, throw off your Gallic assistants, and I'll answer for your seeing as well as ever.

MYNHEER.

Vat! drow off mine French doctor? no! no! mine French doctor know mine constitution—he be too good to let me find mine way in the dark.

MEANWELL.

I am heartily sorry to find you trust yourself to a quack—I attended you out of pure regard for your health, but, since you give no attention to my advice, I take my leave. Farewell!

[*Exit.* MEANWELL.]

MYNHEER.

Oh, mine sight! mine sight! where be mine good French doctor?

Enter



Enter DECEPTION, a French Physician.

DECEPTION.

Mon cher friend! me see you have follow mon advice—You be soon see your *way from home*.

MYNHEER.

Oh, mine friend! me be vary glad to hear you be come to me; mine sight be vary weak.

DECEPTION.

An verite! so much de better—Vous et in very good way of seeing right—me vill cure you quite—me have brought cet un band for your eyes. (*takes a black band out of his pocket.*)—Apropo! vous prenez cet un band pour one year—Vot *constitution* vill be settle for your life—me vill be your friend to lead you.

[*The Doctor takes off the spectacles and puts on the bandage.*]

D

MYNHEER.

MYNHEER.

Dank you, mine good friend.

*[Gets up and takes hold of the  
Frenchman's arm.]*

DECEPTION.

Me vill give you de French air, and  
teach to dance a-la-mode de Paris. You  
no more see the Englois, and me vill cure  
you quite—me vill *see for you*.

MYNHEER.

Vat shall I do vor mine house?

DECEPTION.

Nefer mind your house—me vill mind  
it for you.—Alon, mon cher ami, dance  
avec moi.

MYNHEER.

Me can no see to dance.

DECEPTION.

Alon! alon! me vill lead you von  
dance.

*[Exeunt capering.]*

SCENE V. A French Dispensary.

Enter DECEPTION,

DECEPTION.

Me have done for Mynheer, me vill  
blind him quite, and me vill *see for him*.

SONG by DECEPTION.

Von't the varld be much surprize,  
Dat me cure von Dutchman's eyes?  
Me persuade him he be blind,  
Monsieur Dutchman now vill find  
Dat he got no eyes to see,  
He has left his eyes vit me.

Let him stumble,  
Let him grumble,  
Let him in von passion fly;  
The more he grumble,  
More he'll stumble,  
Me have now put out both eye!

END of the FIRST ACT:

A C T II.

SCENE VI. SHAVER's Shop,  
without Wigs or Blocks.

Enter SHAVER, *singing* Tol de rol.

Enter his Man JOHN.

JOHN.

Oh, master, master! how can you be  
so merry in such sad times?

SHAVER.

What's the matter, JOHN? What's the  
matter?

JOHN.

Matter enough, I think — They are  
going to set a tax on blockheads; but,  
master, what's become of yours?

SHAVER.



SHAVER.

Go to Holland, there you'll find 'em.  
—A fig for the tax, my shop is clear'd  
of blockheads—Mynheer VAN BRAKEN  
PEACE has purchased all my stock.—My  
wigs are gone to shift for themselves, and  
I am turn'd Contractor.

DUET by SHAVER and JOHN.

You know for who  
This trade will do,  
Of blockheads there are store;  
The blocks just sold,  
Were bad and old,  
Gone to return no more.

The wigs must shift,  
They're turn'd adrift,  
Of numbers many score;  
'Tis very true,  
The numbers grew,  
But now they'll grow no more.

[Exit JOHN.]

SHAVER (*solus.*)

I have dispos'd of all my stock of wigs except old caxen; he sticks to my head like a leech, though it has not a crooked hair in't.—Time has done it's worst there—an old wig defies all their keen touches.—The buckle is gone, and caxen would, but for me, have been thrown aside, consigned to the unwholesome occupation of a shoe-black's basket—but that ne'er shall be whilst I have a head to bear it.—As for the rest of the wigs, if they want heads, they must *shift*.

[*Exit* SHAVER.]

SCENE

SCENE VII. A Presence Chamber  
in a Palace.

AMERICANA seated in a chair of state, with  
suitable attendants. Trumpets sound from  
without, and shrieks.

AMERICANA.

What means this warlike sound, and  
dreadful shrieks? Has civil war broke  
forth and ripen'd to rebellion?

Enter LIBERTA, *with hair dishevelled*.

LIBERTA.

The foul deed is done! Your sons  
expiring call for liberty and help.—The  
silver brook that bore a purling stream,  
and panted for encrease, is now become  
a rapid torrent, flowing with the blood  
of poor departed souls! — Freedom is  
lost, and liberty's no more.

AMERI-

## AMERICANA.

Forbid it heaven! but if the baneful deed is o'er, AMERICANA feels the power of sad distress, (*pauses*) — Pity doth stretch forth her hands, and calls to administer relief.—I come! I come!—The precious moment of redress, big with the fate of mighty empires, shall not be delay'd.—Warriors, arouse—bring forth your bows, your quivers fill—let pointed arrows prove your wonted skill!—Prepare with speed to take the field—beat the drums—let trumpets sound—for war prepare.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE



## SCENE VIII. A Forest.

Enter AMERICANA,

Her train supported by blacks, attendant warriors of copper colour, with bows and arrows, preceded by trumpets, drums, &c. playing martial music. A flag carried before, the inscription LIBERTY.

AMERICANA.

My faithful warriors! the time is come when all your skill shall brave the insulting foe—Valor puts forth his hand, and points at FREEDOM—The chaste goddess calls you to her aid, and shews you realms of liberty in view.—Lead on! lead on! —Who'd not be foremost in the cause? —Draw, archers! draw your bows!—Success shall crown, though 'gainst unequal foes.

[*Exeunt.*]

E

SCENE

SCENE IX. A Street, a Poulterer's  
Shop in view.

Enter SHAVER,  
Dressed in a gold laced coat and waistcoat, and  
his old wig.

Enter GANDER, a Poulterer,  
In his blue apron tucked up, and a long  
beard, from his shop.

GANDER.  
What, my old friend, SHAVER!

SHAVER.  
SHAVER!—I'm a Knight!—Sir JOHN  
SHAVER, at your service.

GANDER, *bursts into a laugh.*  
Sir SHAVER! what masquerade are you  
going to? How the devil am I to get  
shav'd, and my wig powder'd for Sunday?

SHAVER.

SHAVER.

If you wear your beard till I shave it, you may challenge the Grand Turk for whiskers.

GANDER.

Indeed ! Sir SHAVER ! How comes it that you got into such good fortune ?

SHAVER.

I turn'd contractor—dealt in a profitable commodity — charg'd enough — cheated not a little—and now I am come to what you see, (*looks at his laced coat.*) I thriv'd till I turn'd parliament man ; but the devil take the luck, I must either be turn'd out of doors, or give up my contract.

GANDER.

Aye ! aye ! I fancy you had best put off your masquerade, for your own good and the sake of your customers.

'AIR by SHAVER.

You wou'd not suppose,  
That I, with these cloaths,

*[Takes up the flap of his coat.]*

Cou'd e'er think of shaving again;  
Or lay hold of the nose,  
Both of friends and of foes,  
And the feuds of the nation explain.

Now they've dubb'd me a Knight,  
You'd not think it right,  
That I shou'd deal open and plain;  
No! shake hands with my foes,  
Take my friends by the nose,  
I long to be shaving again.

SHAVER.

GANDER, you have a devilish long  
beard, let me shave you, *(takes a case of  
razors out of his pocket.)* I have no ob-  
jection to shaving a friend.

GANDER.



GANDER.

Odd so! I shou'd never recover my senses again was I shav'd by a Knight in a lac'd coat—I thank you Knight, but I must go mind my customers.—Farewell!

SHAVER.

Farewell, GANDER!

*[Gries, and takes up the flap of his coat to wipe his eyes.]*

SHAVER *(solus.)*

GANDER is gone!—My friends won't keep me company—I'm left to wander about like an exil'd monarch without subjects.

SONG by SHAVER.

When a man success is meeting,  
He can scarcely then believe,  
That good fortune is not cheating,  
Like punks tip you on the sleeve.

What

What tho' her smiles inviting prove,  
Little can you hope for joy ;  
You may be inclin'd to love,  
That love your happiness destroy.

I have ponder'd well the case,  
Tho' the case seems full of doubt ;  
I'll seek for another place,  
Since Contractors are turn'd out.

*[Exit in the last strain of the air.]*

SCENE

SCENE X. A Sea Shore.

Enter DUTCHMAN,

Blindfold, groping his way.

Enter ENGLISH SAILOR,

With a coil of rope in his hand.

SAILOR.

Hollo, Mynheer! where are you bound to?

MYNHEER.

Vor Brest, to consult with mine physician, dat promise make me see long.

SAILOR.

Damn the French pilot—You've lost sight of Ceylon, and taken your departure from the Cape of Good Hope.—Your steerage is gone—you beat about like a skiff in a squall,—Lay hold of this  
hawser

hawser—I'll take ye in tow, and moor  
you safe in port.

*[Gives the end of the rope to  
the Dutchman.]*

RONDO by SAILOR.

No more, Mynheer, pine at your fate,  
We'll both again be friends ;  
But for Monsieur he has my hate,  
He fail'd to gain his ends.

Mynheer, French arts had made you blind,  
When first you join'd the Gaul ;  
He's found to's cost 'tis an ill wind -  
That blows no good at all.

No more, Mynheer, pine at your fate,  
We'll both again be friends ;  
But for Monsieur he has my hate,  
He fail'd to gain his ends.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE



SCENE XI. A Council Chamber,

Where the CONGRESS are sitting at the  
Council Board.

PRESIDENT.

All is in the wrong.—The Gaul has  
fix'd his eye on the provinces of Mary-  
land and Virginia—he has already got a  
footing there—we shall find him too ob-  
stinate to relinquish his claim; but the  
blame is not mine.

SECOND MEMBER.

Nor mine.

THIRD MEMBER.

Nor mine.

FOURTH MEMBER.

It is too late to shift the blame.—A  
Frenchman is like a maggot in a nut—

F

put

put him in the middle, he'll work his way through, and leave you nothing but the shell to whistle to.

FIFTH MEMBER.

We shall lose shell and kernel too, if we trust much longer to French faith—I declare for Britain, and an expulsion of the French—I

*[A general confusion, and cry of Traitor! Traitor! Traitor! Hear him! Hear him! Hear him!]*

AIR by the PRESIDENT.

Stop your bawling,  
And this squalling,  
It ne'er will do us good;  
Each did his best,  
The cash we prest,  
And did whate'er we wou'd:

My

My friends have done,  
With this sad fun,  
Nor matter who is right;  
Be rul'd by me,  
We'll all agree,  
'Tis better bawl than fight.

Enter PRODIGIATOR,  
Invisible to the CONGRESS; he waves his  
wand, they gape and yawn, and fall asleep.

AIR by PRODIGIATOR.  
Fiends now appear,  
Discord is here,  
Employ your wonted skill;  
Put off the veil,  
Give each a tail,  
My magic pow'rs fulfill.

[Fiends appear, some dance, whilst others  
metamorphise the Congress with long tails tied  
to their hair behind, and cocked hats, with  
fleur de lis as cockades.

F 2

[*Exeunt* Fiends.

AIR continued by PRODIGIATOR.

Grave looks no more,  
The Congress o'er,  
Behold the Prot'ous face ;  
From freedom broke,  
To Gallic yoke,  
They're conscious of disgrace.

[PRODIGIATOR *waves his wand and  
the Congress awake.*

[Exit. PRODIGIATOR.

QUINTET by the CONGRESS,  
in Unison.

What's the members all fled,  
Or have got a new head ?  
The de'il has sure been here ;  
He has alter'd each face,  
And supply'd a new grace,  
And made each a Monsieur.

AIR



**AIR by PRESIDENT.**

Our friend and ally  
Was cursedly fly,  
By all his fair promises led ;  
But since that's the case,  
This room's in disgrace,  
Our body ill suits with our head.

**[Exeunt.]**

**SCÈNE**

SCENE the Last. A Forest.

Enter AMERICANA and Attendants,  
in chains.

AMERICANA.

Perfidy assum'd the face of friendship  
—the Gaul profess'd he lov'd, and I believ'd.—Oh! cursed hour that first betray'd my heart—the fatal chains were then in embryo, but now, alas! they're forg'd. — Behold these Gaulic fetters, (*pauses.*)—The sad tear, impal'd in overwhelming grief, has stopp'd it's course, and I'm denied relief.

AIR by AMERICANA, and CHORUS  
by her Followers.

Gallic slav'ry hence! no more!  
Flee again to Gallic shore;  
Gallic sons may bear the chain,  
I'll to Albion haste again.

CHORUS.

( 39 )

CHORUS.

Gallic sons may bear the chain,  
We'll to Albion haste again.

AMERICANA.

Freedom, child of Albion's isle,  
Haste, my sorrows to beguile;  
Gallic tyrants rule no more  
On Americana's shore.

CHORUS.

Gallic tyrants rule no more;  
Freedom dwell upon our shore.

AIR by AMERICANA:

Dear Albion come, my love to prove,  
These galling fetters (proofs of love)  
From Gallic faith these friends I find,  
They bind these hands, but not my mind,  
Dear Freedom come and ease my care,  
In Albion's isle doth dwell the fair.

Bless'd

( 40 )

Bless'd Albion's name, for aye rever'd,  
By thee Americana's cheer'd,  
With parent fondness ease my woes,  
Assist to crush our mutual foes;  
For thee I sigh, for thee complain,  
Haste and destroy this Gallic chain.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



The AUTHOR to the DOOR-KEEPER  
of the Theatre.

When Fancy's on the wing, and takes her flight,  
She'll steal your picture, whether wrong or right.  
You're now appriz'd, nor think my muse to blame,  
She shews each feature, yet conceals your name.  
The picture's striking, who can fail to guess  
The awkward portrait in a lively dress.  
'The features fit, tho' hundreds may oppose,  
And swear 'tis not your head, or eyes, or nose.  
Your chief supporters daub me with their wit,  
Yet all shall own the likeness is well hit.

SO, Sir, you say the BLOCKHEADS  
shall not appear on your Theatre.—  
Strange, indeed! You have only read  
the title page, and yet venture to guess  
at the whole of the business. I give you  
my word not a single auditor can possi-  
bly discover a line in the features of any  
of my Blockheads, that conveys the most  
distant hint at your head. You oblige  
me to confess, I never entertained a  
G thought

thought of your being a conjuror ! But you have gone a great way to impress such a conclusion on my mind, by venturing to guess at the whole of the piece from the title. You have reconsidered the business, and find it is not in your power, on account of your own productions, to exhibit the Blockheads. If the old veterans have been discharged without assigning a reason, surely I may think myself fortunate in having extorted *two* in support of my expulsion ; but still the Blockheads shall appear, so shall the sequel, together with the pigmies and anti-pigmies. The heads are nearly ready for exhibition ; the moment I can complete them, you shall have the honor of appearing the first of the groupe, if you will condescend to stand still whilst I draw your picture ; if not, I'll take it flying. But should you be at a loss to distinguish one Blockhead from another, the Editor may assist you with a hint or two for your instruction.

instruction. You cannot be at a loss for the definition of a Blockhead ; but, to assist your memory — he has no brains, no argument can penetrate beyond the surface — The surface is a mere block that surely will never be own'd, though the likeness may provoke risibility in the by-standers. For the present I drop the curtain, that the next scene may appear with more lustre, in which I have the pleasure to assure you, no pains shall be spared to give a striking likeness ; and

I am,

Your most devoted servant,

THE AUTHOR.

*Middle Row, New York.*